

THE CHRISTIAN.

'FAITH COMETH BY HEARING, AND HEARING BY THE WORD OF GOD.'—Paul

Vol. VII.—No. 12

SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1890.

Whole No. 84

The Christian.

Published monthly, by Barnes & Co., under the auspices of the Home Mission Board of the Disciples of Christ of the Maritime Provinces.

TERMS: - 50 Cents Per Annum in Advance.

All communications, intended for publication, to be addressed:

"THE CHRISTIAN,"
P. O. Box 106,
St. John, N. B.

EDITOR:
DONALD CRAWFORD, - NEW GLASGOW, P. E. I.

CO-EDITOR:
T. H. CAPP, - - - - - St. John, N. B.

FINANCIAL MANAGER:
J. E. EDWARDS, - - - - - St. John, N. B.

OUR ANNUAL.

Is it possible that another year has rolled away since in the little "Alameda" we steamed across St. Mary's bay on that dark and foggy night to our meeting at Tiverton! Yes, another year, with its three hundred and sixty-five days, is numbered with the past and with it the long-looked for and much enjoyed meeting at Milton. Though in the folds of the past its influence lives in the present and will give direction, tone and force to our future missionary efforts in these parts. But time and space suggest the necessity of shortening these notes. And to this we willingly submit, for in the first place our time while at Milton was so broken up that it was impossible for us to be at some of the meetings; and in the second place, a correspondent for the *Sun* of this city, having written so many items of interest, leaves it necessary for us to say but little, as we append hereto the correspondent's letter.

Well it was on Friday morning, Sept. 5th, that a number of us with satchels or gripsacks in hand might have been seen hurrying through the streets of St. John, towards the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company's wharf to catch the "Monticello," which was to start at 7.30. On this occasion, as on all such, some came rushing along somewhat overheated, well nigh breathless and almost breakfastless, to find that instead of being late they had fifteen minutes to spare. Others came sauntering along as though they had an hour to go and come on, until awakened to the fact that they were but in the nick of time.

The morning was somewhat cloudy. No prophet predicted with certainty a fine day. The questions and assertions for a time were. Do you think it will be rough crossing to-day? You don't know how I dread crossing the "Bay" when it is rough, for I get so deathly sick. But as an hour or so passed away, the wind from the northeast sprang up, the lowering clouds dispersed, and the waters of the bay became nothing more than nubbly. But, still, a few of our number gave signs of not having found what the poet called, "A home on the ocean wave." In fact, Bro. Bruce, of Eastport, was strongly tempted on several occasions to break a resolution made the day before, saying, "During this trip I purpose keeping my eyes open and my mouth shut." When about seven or eight miles from "Digby Gut," our attention was at-

tracted in a somewhat southerly direction, for yonder, stealing, as it were, along the Nova Scotia shore was the steamer "New Brunswick," from Boston, making her way as speedily as possible to pass through the "gut" before us, and so reach Digby pier first. Our captain, with glass in hand and then to eyes, was watching anxiously from the pilot house the progress of yonder boat, scarcely daring to predict what the result would be. Nearer, and nearer, and nearer together the two boats came. Their prows seemed to enter the strait about the same time—the "New Brunswick" having somewhat the advantage. Volumes of smoke were rolling out of the smokestacks of each steamer; passengers looked up to the pilot house to urge, if possible, the putting on of a little more steam; others felt like jumping up or standing on one foot to lighten the ship or help things along. We had now but two miles to go, and as each vessel, side by side, was ploughing up the peaceful waters, the interest and excitement among the passengers was something more than normal. But in a little while it was noticeable that our steamer was forging ahead, and though on the "Monticello" an American lady was somewhat disappointed at seeing the boat from Boston falling astern and slowing down, and turning off to wait her chance at the pier.

In half an hour we were steaming up the beautiful river towards Annapolis, where we arrived at 12.30. In a short time we were speeding along the rails in the direction of Middleton. The country, or valley, through which we passed was beautiful. Yonder were dike lands, worth from from two to three hundred dollars per acre, and, without labor, yielding yearly (so we were informed) from three to four tons of hay. Here, close to the railway track, yonder and then away off in the distance, were large orchards, and through the openings of the leafy tree tops could be seen peeping, as it were, the fast ripening apples for home and foreign markets. Yes, there seemed to be such a coziness and a homeness in and about the villages and farm homes that involuntarily you would find yourself saying, "How happy these people must be! What a fine country to live in! The lives of these people have indeed fallen in pleasant places!"

When twenty-eight miles from Annapolis we reached Middleton, and in few minutes were on the Nova Scotia Central for Bridgewater, fifty-six miles distant. Although a new road, better cars, easier riding and more obliging officials we have never met—and we have travelled in many parts of the world. The names of some of the stations were, to all appearances, misleading. When "slowing up" to one of them an official called out, "Cherryfield." We stood up to look around for the cherry trees, but not one could we see—nothing but land in its primitive state—so we concluded that a Choke Cherryfield was intended.

On our arrival at Bridgewater, we found awaiting us, Bros. James Prince and Samuel Nelson, and though informed of our number insisted that we should take tea at their homes before our departure for Milton. And their hospitality during our stay of two hours was appreciated by us all.

About 8 o'clock, p. m. the distant rumbling of the stage coach admonished us to slip on outer wraps and be ready. "All aboard" was called out, and soon we were being stowed away in a

large covered coach drawn by three horses. The night was fearfully dark and there was every appearance of rain. "Git up there," and a crack of a long whip was a hint for the horses to start. Well, the rain kept off, but the darkness, especially when we came to the woods, requires for description, words which at this moment, are not at our command. The scenery may have been beautiful, but we saw it not; the farms in a high state of cultivation, but of this we could not affirm; but the unceremonious way in which we were thrown up from our seats or jerked against the supporters of the covering, and the sidling every now and again give to the coach as the horses in the darkness lost the centre of the road, gave us a pretty good idea that the road was not as smooth as the one over which we had but shortly come by rail. For six long hours we sat in total darkness, excepting when a match was struck to see our watches, and so decide who was the nearest at guessing the time. Several things were tried to while away the time, some of our number tried dozing, but their attempts were pronounced failures, including the driver, detailed some of their exploits, but even this was up hill work as no looks of appreciation were visible. We all tried singing, and we did our best but still, owing somewhat to the surroundings, it was not first-class. About 2 o'clock we drove into Milton, the reigning silence was broken by the rolling and grinding of our coach wheels. In a few minutes we were at the home of Bro. H. Murray and in a shorter time than it would take to tell of an incident or two that occurred that night, our brother with lantern in hand, was conducting the visitors to places which, for a few days was to be their homes. Right here is a good place to state that another coach containing some of our party preceded us all the way, but we are not in a position to give an account of their experience. In about an hour, by the additional aid of some of the Milton brethren, who had been aroused by our coming, all were comfortably housed and silence again reigned supreme.

Saturday was just beautiful. The visitors were soon astir and wending their ways to call upon each other. And when they met it was, indeed, soul stirring to see the warm shake-hands, and to hear. Why, I am so glad to see you. When did you come? How did you get here? And how is Bro. and Sister—(Leonard, Smith, Messervey, or Jackson, as the case might be.) Are any of them coming the meeting? Oh, how I would like to see those dear old brethren! But soon the appointed hour for social meeting arrived, and being assembled, Bro. E. C. Ford took charge and announced the hymn. "Ere you left your room this morning, did you think to pray?" Now, could a more appropriate hymn have been selected? We think not. The 103rd Psalm was read, a prayer to the Throne of Grace; "Rock of Ages" was sung; a few remarks from Bro. Ford. Some one then struck up. "We speak of the realm of the blest," and the quickness with which the rest joined in the singing showed unmistakably that many warm-hearted souls were present. In a short time thirty or more had taken part in the meeting. While the speeches were stirring, the prayers the desire of all hearts, and the hymns soul-inspiring—still, the quiet, thoughtful remarks of our brethren, J. B. Wallace, Jabez Freeman, Allan Minard and